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etc., however much certain actions or conclusions may be deplored. Also it is just possible that the great excitement produced by Mr. Brunot's resolutions in the General Convention of 1862 was due to the assumptions and assertions of the preamble, and not to the resolutions that followed. One of the best things in the book is the Libby Prison episode, bringing out the finer and more delicate traits of Mr. Brunot's nature, in comparison with which, apparently unconsciously, Mr. Secretary Stanton is made to appear coarse and rough.

As to the character of the man, Mr. Brunot is the true and good citizen always, and his work for the Indians and his plans for Christian missions among them, and an upright government protection thrown about them, grow out of a full heart and clear brain. These two features of the man and the book stand out conspicuously and will survive.

THE CRISIS. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1901.

One must admit at the outset that Mr. Churchill has written a more than usually interesting book, in many ways a strong book. Our only grievance is that it is not still stronger. Perhaps we are too near the time of war and its many mooted questions to write the great novel or drama of war time, or perhaps—for we must be just—it is still too near this time to criticise freely and impersonally such a work when it appears.

The subject of "The Crisis" is really our Great War, and the treatment is almost dithyrambic at moments. The reader is appealed to, is apostrophised, as the writer is stirred deeply by this great historic tragedy, and he listens with interest and sympathy, but somehow it doesn't seem quite the real and actual thing. The impression remains that it is too effortful, too conscious. We may have to wait still for a Tolstoy to place these lurid and living pictures on canvas.

Abraham Lincoln is the real hero, almost god enthroned, and the central point of criticism in dealing with the book must concern the truth or untruth, actual and spiritual, of

his character as here portrayed. To-day every one cherishes the sincerest admiration for Mr. Lincoln, and recognizes what his life signified to the nation. But what Mr. Churchill wished to achieve is one thing; what he has actually done may be another. The vulgarizing of the character on the one hand, and on the other his deification, is a thoroughly bold and realistic conception, but does it altogether convince? Lincoln is brought in in the character of a jester, and almost of a buffoon, and at the same time he is always spoken of in the third person as "the man of sorrows" and "one who has borne a cross." Other expressions are: "Abraham Lincoln gave his life for his country, even as Christ gave his for the world;" "his hour was not yet come;" "all the agony endured by the millions, North and South, seemed written on it [his countenance];" "would that his hands, Abraham Lincoln's hands, might be laid upon all who complain and cavil and criticise and think of the little things in life." By those to whom these expressions have sacred associations the taste must be pronounced questionable.

The characters of the story are rather conventional. The usual impulsive fighter is taken as the typical young Southerner; Col. Carvel, who, perhaps incongruously, is placed at the head of the huge dry goods establishment of Carvel & Co., is a representative of the chivalrous old school; Miss Virginia Carvel inherits many of the caprices and charms of Miss Dorothy Manners; the calm, firm hero is from Boston, as is the very Dickensy extravagant creature, Mr. Eliphalet Hopper, the villain of the story. It reminds inadvertently of the same broad stage effects of Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie," where the essentials of plot are not unlike. This is the weakness, a weakness in presentation. The real theme, that of the War itself, is great, perhaps too great for adequate portrayal.

What is strongest in the book is the picture of St. Louis life at the outbreak of and during the War. St. Louis, with its geographical position midway of the country and its mixed population containing elements gathered from every quarter,

a city in a State which did not secede but hung in the balance, offered a fine field and a difficult one. The vital realization of these features, the apparent truth to local color, and the seizing upon salient points and imaginatively visualizing them, give what is permanent to the book. For the first time the character and value of the German element in St. Louis and the Western States of America are brought out clearly.

Purely as a story there is perhaps too much history, too much battling and maneuvering, too far a presentation of a great historic movement in novel form. But this is the essence of the book. It is just where the story enters and interrupts that at times the interest grows weakest. The sally on Camp Jackson, the mad rush for escape from St. Louis—recalling Thackeray's picture of Brussels after Waterloo—are valuable historical pictures.

There are a few perplexing anachronisms and obscurities. Eliphalet Hopper enters the store of Carvel & Co. while Virginia is off on a visit in Kentucky. Hopper is promoted at the end of *five years* as the lady returns from her Kentucky visit, supposedly of a few weeks or months, surprised to find a newcomer in her father's store. Also Mr. Hopper's age, as stated in different places, is not amenable to the ordinary rules of arithmetic, unless, indeed, this is another case in which that would-be gentleman's word is not to be trusted. There are needless repetitions; for instance, the circumstance of the capture and publishing of the love letter written at the seat of war is mentioned in two quite different places. Conversations are not always logical, and conclusions are rapidly reached, but this is a necessity of dramatic action where the movement must be rapid.

Gen. Grant is represented as late as 1857 hauling and unloading wood in St. Louis. Gen. Sherman is at the head of the city street railway system at the outbreak of the War. The portrayal of Sherman is the most successfully caught of all the historical personages in the book; for the democratizing process is not carried too far, description does not make its object too familiar, nor dithyramb remove him from humanity.

The Federal idea is nobly presented, and the great effect of the book will be to impress this more clearly and strongly on the American mind. With all his sympathy, Mr. Churchill does not understand the ancient theory of the State, and the hold which the parent State exercised upon many of her children. But, too, Missouri was not one of the original thirteen colonies and never seceded. The feeling is treated as a matter of quixotic sentiment or worse, and left there. It may seem inexplicable to the reader, as it probably is to Mr. Churchill. But while this is true, it is also true that no such generosity for opposing forces, united with a strong plea for the national idea now universally accepted, exists in novel form.

VOYSEY. By R. E. Browse. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1901.

We have not only the novel of adventure and movement in life, but that of analysis. "Voysey" is intended to be the detailed analysis of a man's feelings in connection with a loose construction of the seventh commandment. The subject has once for all been presented in Tolstoy's "Anna Karénina," and thoughtful readers will go to the master for material to make them ponder. Besides this would-be following in the steps of a greater, some pages are obvious imitations of the method of subtle analysis which Mr. Henry James employs, and one or two conversations, with their hurried repetitions, bear the sign manual of M. Mæterlinck. With Tolstoy, James, and Mæterlinck as masters, what need of Prowse?